REMARKS,

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES,

ON THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DEATH OF

HON. DAVID C. BRODERICK,

OF CALIFORNIA,

LATE A MEMBER OF THE

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

IN

THE THIRTY-FIFTH CONGRESS.

IN SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

FEBRUARY 13, 1860.

Mr. HAUN. Mr. President, in conformity to an established practice of the Senate, it becomes my melancholy duty to announce, formally, an event which transpired during the adjournment of Congress; the intelligence of which has been already otherwise received by the country, with feelings of deep regret.

My immediate predecessor on this floor, the late Hon. DAVID C. BRODERICK, departed this life, in the city of San Francisco, on the 16th day of September last, having fallen in an unfortunate conflict, which was engendered by the use of unguarded expressions by the deceased, personal in their character, toward another distinguished gentleman, who occupied a high and honorable position in the State of California, and which were inflamed by the bitter political contest then just terminated in that State.

DAVID COLBRETH BRODERICK, the subject of this announcement, was born in this city, in February, 1819, and at the time of his death was but little over forty years of age.

His father, an Irish emigrant, was by occupation a stone-cutter; and, though moving in the humbler walks of life, was highly respected and esteemed as an industrious artisan and worthy citizen.

Having, whilst David was yet of tender years, removed to the city of New York, he there lived, pursuing his vocation, until the year 1837, when he died, leaving his late distinguished son, at the early age of eighteen years, charged with the support of his mother and a younger brother; these soon followed the elder Broderick to the grave; and David stood alone in the world, without recognizable kindred. With a striking expression of profound sadness, he remarked in my presence, some years since, which I now call to memory, that he was the last of his blood on earth, so far as he knew. Hence arose that haughty gloom enshrouding his soul, through after life, he could not eradicate and was too proud to hide.

Having, by diligence and study, surmounted many of the obstacles with which poverty and humble fortune had encompassed his path, he arose, in the city of New York, from the humble place of an apprenticed mechanic, through many years of arduous labor and severe application, to a position commanding high public respect and political elevation. In 1846, at the age of twenty-seven years, he was brought forward by his friends, and nominated for the office of Representative in Congress; but we learn was defeated by a division of the vote of his party in the district.

In the year 1849, we find him on the Pacific slope, entering with courage, energy, and perseverance upon the new field which the then recently discovered gold regions of California presented to enterprise, at once the most lucrative and inspiring to honorable ambition. Upon this new theatre of activity and ceaseless toil he soon was known as a man of marked notoriety and great influence.

He arrived in California poor in purse, but rich in energy and self-reliance; then, disdaining the pursuits of ephemeral excitements and allurements which marked those earlier days, he steadily bent his strong intellect and controlling will to the serious purposes of life.

His high moral deportment begat universal respect: in private life he bore the character of one of the most exemplary men; his generous heart and open hand attracted and attached to him a host of devoted and admiring friends, who delighted to honor him with public and private confidence. Many of these, his early pioneer companions to California, yet remain, who mourn his loss with fraternal, unforgetful sorrow.

In 1850 he was elected to the Senate of California, and in 1851 was chosen President of that body, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the promotion of Lieutenant Governor McDougal to the gubernatorial chair, upon the resignation of Governor Burnett.

In 1852 he was reëlected to the Senate, and served with distinguished ability in the various positions there assigned him.

The distinguished trait in the late Senator BRODERICK's character, was his strong, unbending will, and the unity and precision of movement it afforded him to carry out his judgment when formed.

He had, with legitimate and commendable ambition, kept his eye steadily fixed upon a seat in this august body, as the place, of all others, deemed by himself and friends the most suitable for the development of his talents and statesmanship. In this he was sustained by their successful efforts; and in 1857 he was chosen as a United States Senator from the State of California.

He took his seat upon this floor in March of the succeeding year. His official action in the Senate forms a part of the national records; and many members now present were participants with him in the management of public questions here. Of that record, it is not my purpose now to speak; for how do the angry waves of political controversy subside, when we stand by the grave of one who, though once engaged amid the fiercest elements, now lies cold in the chamber of death, and pulseless forever!

DAVID C. BRODERICK was no ordinary man. Against the frowns of influence and fortune, he made his way to ease and distinction; and by his life and successes, illustrated the beauty of our American institutions, in opening the avenue of elevation equally to all, whether the high or humble in origin.

In his life he was made confident by his application, and to aspire to renown were the necessary fruits of his toil; in political conduct he was a chief, who *ruled* leaders and *ordered* his successors; in his death, he sleeps lamented as one of the pioneer self-made, honored sons of California, mourned by many, lost to all!

In the ceremonies of this sad tribute to the memory of your late associate, Senators, may I not remark upon the solemn thought which the occasion induces, when we realize that, "in the midst of life, we are in death;" and that we, too, must soon comply with nature's sure demand, and leave these earthly scenes for that

"Undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns."

May we not earnestly hope, when the present and many future generations shall have passed away, that our Union will stand against every political tempest, transmitting to posterity the blessings of liberty inherited from our fathers; and may we not continue, with due regard, to submit to Him whose decrees are final.

Mr. President, I offer the following resolutions:

Resolved unanimously, That the members of the Senate, from a sincere desire of showing every mark of respect due to the memory of Hon. DAVID C. BRODERICK, deceased, late a member thereof, will go into mourning, by wearing crape on the left arm for thirty days.

Resolved unanimously, That, as an additional mark of respect for the memory of Hon. DAVID C. BRODERICK, deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

Ordered, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Mr. CRITTENDEN. I rise, Mr. President, for the purpose of seconding the resolutions which have been offered, and will take this occasion to make a very few remarks. It seems to me, Mr. President, that it is most becoming to say very little upon such occasions. There is a cold sort of solemnity about them, that seems to

forbid the use of vain words. The language of the grave is brief and severe; and within its precincts it does not become us to use the language of flattery or eulogy. The world to which our departed colleague has gone is one where the flatterers and the flattery alike are no more to be found. That belongs to this world, and not to that to which, in some measure, we are supposed to address ourselves on such an occasion.

I knew Senator BRODERICK. I only met with him in this Hall. I did not know him until he came here as a Senator a few years ago. His history we have had in brief and beautiful terms expressed by his successor this morning. I have nothing to add to that history. He was, indeed, as the Senator has said, no ordinary man. DAVID C. BRODERICK was a peculiar and an extraordinary man. All the courses of his life mark him as such. He occupied no position in life, high or low, upon which he did not leave his deep impression. He made his mark wherever he stood; and no man's career has been, to the extent of it, more decidedly traceable and more decidedly marked, than DAVID C. BRODERICK's. He made his way through all the vicissitudes of this life. He was thrown into the midst of the temptations of a great city, without friend or monitor. Without friend or monitor, he seems to have preserved, according to all the testimony we have, his integrity amidst temptation; and he made advances against all the disadvantages of life which surrounded him, until we found him at last in this body.

He was here, as he appeared to me, a man of purposes and convictions. He followed them strenuously; he followed them bravely. His heart was not wanting in kindness; and, save when he was in the pursuit of those convictions and purposes that I have mentioned, he was a kind and conciliatory spirit. He possessed the devotion of friends in a most extraordinary degree, as I learn from those who were much better acquainted with his life than I was. BRODERICK's friends would do, for any one of his friends, all that they would do for BRODERICK himself. By his own devotion to them, it must have been, and by his sympathy with his friends, that he commanded and swayed all their feelings, and could control their conduct in the most remarkable and extraordinary degree.

In this body, so far as I could judge, and so far as my testimony may go, his conduct seemed to be that of an upright, bold, faithful public servant. He was not a polished man; he was not an educated man; he was sometimes rash and rough in his manner; but his purposes here, so far as I can judge, were honest and upright; and, with a boldness and a frankness open as day, he spoke what he thought, and he spoke it like a man. He was a man, and we shall not look upon his like again.

Sir, I allude to the manner of his death only to say that the manner of it is to be ascribed rather to the vices of the times and to the vices of society than to any particular fault of his. He was a man that could not, from his nature, more than he could from the laws of society, refuse to meet any such arbitrament as that in which his life was sacrificed. The world had presented to him a rough and adverse current to encounter from his youth upwards. He was bred in the midst of difficulties. He was bred in the midst of the sternest temptations and the sternest rivalships of this life. He could not turn aside in his course from any peril or from any danger. That was not the course of DAVID C. BRODERICK.

There was a degree of mystery, too, in regard to him. He was a man of whose origin but little was known. He seemed to be the offspring of mystery, and it surrounded him in such a way through life as to give a sort of dignity to his character. His was a formidable name for every antagonist—a mysterious, formidable name; a stern, haughty, onward spirit, yielding to no difficulties, yielding to no dangers, pursuing onward, according to his convictions, his purposes, one steadfast course, let it lead where it might. It brought him to the Senate, and finally led him to the grave. There, sir, let him rest in peace; and, rough as he was in this world, and inexorable as he appeared to some, many and many a tear in California will be shed upon that grave. Perhaps there is not a single grave in California that will be bedewed with more tears, more sincere, earnest tears, than the grave of DAVID C. BRODERICK.

Mr. SEWARD. Mr. President, the great national event of our day, I think, is the extension of our empire over the interior of the continent, from the border of Missouri to the Pacific ocean. He who shall write its history will find materials copious and fruitful of influence upon the integrity of the American Union and the destiny of the American people. He will altogether fail, however, if he do not succeed in raising Houston, and Rusk, and BRODERICK to the rank among organizers of our States, which the world has assigned to Winthrop, and Villiers, and Raleigh,

and Penn, Baltimore, and Oglethorpe, as well as in placing Taylor, and Scott, and Worth, and Quitman, as generals, by the side of Washington, and Greene, and Marion.

Impartiality will require him to testify that BRODERICK, more vigorously and resolutely than any of his predecessors, overcame accidents and circumstances which opposed his success. Neither birth, nor fortune, nor education, nor training, nor patronage, nor association, nor prestige of any kind, favored ambition in his case. While yet very young, he disappeared, unobserved, from among the excitements of mere municipal elections in a great commercial city on this side of the continent, and rose as suddenly on the other side, towering and conspicuous among the ill-assorted and irregular groups of adventurers from all parts of the world, who appeared there, reckless, as it seemed, of all restraint, and animated by the one absorbing purpose to become quickly rich by being the first to scoop up the golden dust in the beds of the rivers of California. As we looked upon these tumultuous assemblages, we asked, how shall ever peace and life be secured among them? How and when shall this political chaos be reduced into the solid substance of a civil State? Even while we were yet asking these questions, we saw that State rise up before us in just proportions, firm, vigorous, strong, and free, complete in the fullest material and moral sufficiency, and, at the same time, loyal and faithful to the Federal Union. The hand that principally shaped it was that of DAVID C. BRODERICK.

Sir, when I heard in a foreign land of the death of our late associate, I experienced, beside the sentiments of sorrow which I am sure are common to us all, a keener sorrow that arose from the reflection that he had fallen prematurely, while yet there was need and room for further public service to augment his fame. But in this I erred. It is not the amplitude, but the greatness of achievements that secured the stateman's renown.

The manner of his death gave a severe shock to the moral sensibilities of the nation. But I will not dwell on this painful subject, because, if he could hear me, he would forbid complaint. He consented, I trust, reluctantly; but he nevertheless consented to the combat in which he fell. I never have known a man more jealous of his honor, or one who could so ill endure to be an object of pity or compassion in misfortune or in disappointment. I leave him, therefore, in his early grave, content to confine my expressions of grief within the bound of sorrow for the loss of a friend, than whom none more truthful and honest survives; a Senator than whom none more incorruptible ever entered these Halls; and a statesman, who, though he fell too soon for a nation's hopes, yet, like Hamilton, left behind him noble monuments well and completely finished.

Mr. FOSTER. Mr. President, my acquaintance with the late Senator from California commenced soon after he became a member of this body. Without being intimate, my relations with him were familiar and friendly from that time to the period of our separation at the close of the last Congress. Not distinctly identified in his political action here with either of the two political parties into which we are divided, it is scarcely to be expected that his course would be likely to receive very high commendation. Each party would feel privileged to criticise, and perhaps to condemn. In the judgment of a charity, possibly not too liberal, a man may, in the times on which we are fallen, be governed by high principles and correct motives, and yet pursue, politically, the course which he pursued. In the private and social relations of life, he seemed to me to possess many qualities to command respect and admiration.

But it was not to speak of the public or private character of the deceased that I rose to address the Senate. My purpose was to make a very few plain remarks as to the manner of his death, and to consider what action, under the circumstances, it was becoming in this body to take.

Mr. BRODERICK, it is well known, received a mortal wound in a duel, from the effects of which he soon after died.

Life taken in a duel, by the common law, is murder. Fighting a duel is a criminal offence, I believe, in all the States of the Union, punished in different States with different degrees of severity. Very serious disabilities are annexed to the offence in many States. In this District, by a law of Congress of 1839, the surviving party and all persons concerned in a duel in which either party is slain or mortally wounded, are deemed guilty of felony, and are punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary, at hard labor, for any term not exceeding ten years. The giving or accepting a challenge to fight, or being the bearer of such challenge or acceptance, is, by the same act, made a high crime and misdemeanor, and is punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary for any term not exceeding five years.

The law of California, to which State the Senator belonged, and within which this duel was fought, punished dueling as a crime. The punishment for dueling where a party kills his antagonist, or inflicts such a wound that the party injured dies within one year thereafter, is imprisonment in the State prison for any term not exceeding five years; nor less than one year. That dueling is directly contrary to the laws of God, is a proposition which will hardly be denied.

And now, the practical question is, shall we render honors, public, senatorial honors, to the memory of a man who loses his life in a duel? For myself, I am not prepared to recognize the "code of honor" as a "higher law" than the laws of man and the laws of God. I presume to pass no judgment on the dead, nor indeed on the living; but when a man dies in the direct and willful violation of the known laws of his State, his country, and his God, however dear to me he may have been, I can join in no public tribute of respect to his memory. It is idle to enact laws, it is foolish to expect that they will be obeyed, if those whose last voluntary act in life is to violate them, are publicly honored as heroes and martyrs. With no disposition to war with the dead, or to give unnecessary pain to the living, I must vote against these resolutions.

Mr. FOOT. Mr. President, the honorable Senator from Ohio (Mr. WADE) is detained from his seat this morning on account of indisposition. He had committed to paper some brief remarks which he intended to submit to the Senate upon this occasion, expressive of his appreciation of, and as a testimony of his respect to the memory of the late Mr. BRODERICK. In his absence, I have been requested to read these remarks, a request with which I very cheerfully comply:

"Mr. President, though not of the same political party, I cannot suffer this occasion to pass without expressing my deep sense of noble qualities and manly character of DAVID C. BRODERICK. It was my good fortune to become well, and I may say, intimately acquainted with him, soon after he took his seat in this body. He was unassuming in his manners, but frank, outspoken, and sincere, despising all intrigue and indirection. He was possessed of an excellent understanding, and a fine capacity for business. His love of justice was remarkable. Having once settled in his own mind what was right, he was immovable as the hills. Neither the threats nor the blandishments of power, nor personal peril could move him from his purpose. Being of the people, their rights, their interests, and their advancement was the polar star of his actions. For these he was at all times ready to labor, and, if it need be, to die. In short, he was the very soul of honor, without fear and without reproach.

"The loss of such a man, Mr. President, is indeed a public calamity."

I have nothing to superadd to this testimonial of respect to the memory of Mr. BRODERICK, except the expression of my entire and cordial concurrence.

Mr. TOOMBS. Mr. President, I wish simply to announce my entire concurrence with the resolutions proposed by the Senator from California. My own acquaintance with Mr. BRODERICK commenced in this body and ended here. It was purely and exclusively of a public character. I had not the pleasure of any personal acquaintance with him outside of his public capacity in the performance of our relative duties here as American Senators. But, sir, there were striking points in his character that won my respect, and I may say my admiration. I found him bold, honorable, truthful, attached to the interests of his country, "clear in his office," and a man that I considered an honor to the American Senate. He was one of the best specimens of self-made Americans; springing from the humblest walks of society, by virtue of his strength of character, and his native and, in early life, almost uncultivated intellect, he rose to be a peer of the proudest in the land, and conducted himself after he came to this body in such a manner as to win respect and approbation, notwithstanding the many prejudices which had surrounded his advent into thi body, produced, it may be, by the many and stern partisan conflicts which marke his active but troubled career. I trusted him as a faithful, an honest, an upright, a fearless Senator.

I give my full concurrence to these resolutions; I had not intended even to say this much but for the dissent which has been manifested to our proceedings in honor of his memory. He fell in honorable combat, under a code which he fully recognized. While I lament his sad fate, I have no word of censure for him or his adversary. I think no man under any circumstances can have a more honorable death than to fall in the vindication of honor. He has gone beyond censure or praise. He has passed away from men's judgment, to the bar of the Judge of all the earth, who will do right:

> "Earth's highest honors end in 'here he lies;'
> And 'dust to dust' concludes her noblest song."

The resolutions were adopted; and the Senate adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

FEBRUARY 13, 1860.

IN SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, *February* 13, 1860.

Resolved unanimously, That the members of the Senate, from sincere desire of showing every mark of respect due to the memory of Hon. DAVID C. BRODERICK, deceased, late a member thereof, will go into mourning, by wearing crape on the left arm for thirty days.

Resolved unanimously, That, as an additional mark of respect for the memory of Hon. DAVID C. BRODERICK, deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

Mr. BURCH. Mr. Speaker, the message from the Senate just read announces to this body the death of Hon. DAVID C. BRODERICK, late Senator from the State which I have the honor in part to represent upon this floor.

During the lifetime of Mr. BRODERICK I did not bear with him the relation of personal intimacy, nor even that of political friendship. Therefore, sir, in the remarks I deem it my duty to make on this occasion, it is not my purpose to attempt an eulogy of his virtues; I shall leave the more appropriate performance of that last sad mark of respect to his memory to others here, who knew him better than I did. That, however, which I believe he, in the exercise of Christian charity, would have done for me in a transposition of circumstances, I now do for his memory.

Mr. BRODERICK, I understand, was born in this city of Washington, in the year 1820, while his father was engaged as an artisan on the Capitol building. Here was passed his infancy; and since "first impressions are the most lasting," who shall say t may not have been while sporting under the shadow of this building, that his youthful breast was first inspired with that ambition laudable in every American citi zen, to serve his country in the most august of her tribunals, the Senate, which he ived to consummate.

At an early age his parents removed with him to the city of New York, where he assed his youth and early manhood. It was in that city he acquired that knowledge of his fellow-men and cultivated and pursued that taste for politics which so eminently characterized his after life.

In 1849 he emigrated to the newly discovered "El Dorado" of the Pacific; and on the admission of California into the Union, he engaged actively in the politics of that State, and was repeatedly honored by his fellow-citizens at the ballot-box, occupying, by their suffrages, the positions of Senator and acting Lieutenant Governor.

In the winter of 1857 he was elected to a seat in the Senate of the United States. Having served one Congress, he returned to the State of his adoption, and died at the city of San Francisco, the place of his residence, on the 16th of September, 1859.

No one possessed a more determined will, or greater energy of character in the execution of his objects, than did Mr. BRODERICK. These two characteristics are intimately associated and connected with his whole life. And, sir, since he, unaided by the advantage of a superior education, without influential family or friends, before reaching the meridian of life, rose from an humble position to one second only to the Presidency, should not his achievements be an incentive to all, whatever their rank in the beginning of life's battle may be, to strive through adverse circumstances for the high places in our republican Government? At the time of his death, Mr. BRODERICK was but thirty-nine years of age. His life, then, was short; but his career was marked throughout with extraordinary incidents. He is now gone. The good which men do live after them. Their errors and frailties, if any they have, certainly die with them; and I hope that all animosities which existed during his life, are now buried with him.

His memory, I know, will long be cherished by many of my constituents, who have toward him a devotion and an attachment peculiar to his friends alone; and were there nothing else in the character of this extraordinary man to inspire admiration, the power to enchain to his fortunes and himself those with whom he associated, will ever remain a peculiar characteristic of Mr. BRODERICK, and attract the attention of all who may hereafter become acquainted with his life-history.

In conclusion, Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, I offer the following resolutions, with the hope that they may be unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this House has heard, with deep sensibility, the announcement of the death of Hon. DAVID C. BRODERICK, late a Senator in Congress from the State of California.

Resolved, That as a testimony of respect for the memory of the deceased, the members and officers of this House will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That, as a further token of respect for the deceased, the House do now adjourn.

Mr. HASKIN. Mr. Speaker, in rising to second the resolutions just offered I feel somewhat diffident, lest I should not be able to do the character of the distinguished Senator, in honor of whose memory they have been proposed, that justice which its simplicity, its purity, its integrity, and its greatness, demands. As it is the duty of eulogy not to indulge in extended panegyric, I will, in the few remarks which I intend to make on this occasion, confine myself to the prominent facts and circumstances connected with the eventful and romantic history of my deceased friend. I will not make a funeral pageant of my grief; but will give a simple narrative of his career, believing it to be a glorious precedent for the honorable imitation of the poor and the humble, who have energy and wealth of intellect to command.

No gentleman upon this floor, or in the other Chamber, knew the deceased Senator better or more intimately than myself. We were school-boys together, grew up to manhood and entered the gate and pathway of life hand in hand. In early youth we both attended one of those great "people's colleges" of the North — a free school — for about a year each. This was the only academic education he ever received, and it awakened within him an appetite for useful knowledge which he lost no opportunity afterwards to gratify. Upon the death of his widowed mother, whose sole support he had been for years, he left the trade he had been following, (that of a stone-cutter,) which was undermining his constitution, and commenced another branch of business less laborious and more lucrative, by which he maintained himself and a younger brother, who had been left a charge upon him. Among his first acts after this change was the purchase of a library; and I well recollect that in 1845–'46, when in the habit of visiting him, I frequently found him engaged in study, perfecting his knowledge of grammar by writing in full parsing lessons from the text-books. About this time the deceased became the foreman of one of the largest and most respectable fire companies of New York, (Howard company No. 34.)

In that city this position is regarded as one requiring great intrepidity and power to command; and his election to it, out of one hundred young men who had grown up with him, is sufficient evidence of the fact, were evidence wanting, that he possessed these distinguishing traits of character. I allude to the fact to show that thus early his ability as a leader was recognized and appreciated; and that, too, by a class of men whose actions in periling their lives, without hope of reward, for the preservation of public and private property, and the safety of society, might be studied with advantage by the statesmen of the present day. I knew Mr. BRODERICK intimately, at that time, and heard him declare that he would rather wear the foreman's cap of his company in the discharge of a fireman's duty, than be crowned with a kingly diadem.

The gentleman from California has given to the House so close a narrative of the political career of the lamented Senator in his adopted State, that it would not become me to travel over that ground again. I shall, therefore, confine myself to a brief description of his life previous to his leaving my State. We entered the busy arena of politics at the same time, both as national, conservative Democrats; sincere believers in, and followers of, the pure principles of the Democratic party, as laid down in its platforms, and exemplified in the administrations of Jefferson, Madison, and Jackson. We were together members of the Democratic general committee, which had control of the party organization in the city of New York. It was there that he first displayed his great energy of character and tact as a local party leader. He controlled the Democratic organization in his congressional district, and so potential was he, that he at times governed the nominations of the party for the chief magistracy of the city, and other important local offices. His indomitable will was felt in nearly all of the Democratic conventions held in that great city during the time he remained a resident of it; and as a political leader of powerful influence, he won the admiration of his friends, and the respect of his opponents. It was then—

> "I saw him beat the surges under him,
> And ride upon their backs; he trod the water
> Whose enmity he flung aside and breasted
> The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
> Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
> Himself, with his good arms, in lusty stroke
> To the shore."

The only legislative position which he ever held in the city of New York was as a member of the charter convention, called to amend and remodel its organic law, and he there was untiring in his efforts to reform the abuses which existed in the city government. To show the strong tendency of his mind to latitudinous Democracy, he advocated and succeeded in securing to the people the right to elect the

heads of the various city executive departments. In 1846, he was nominated by the Democratic party of the fifth district of New York, in which he and myself then resided, for Congress, and was defeated by Frederick A. Tallmadge, a gentleman who had been a State Senator, and had previously occupied several positions of honor in that State. This defeat in a district which had before usually been in the habit of sending a Democrat to Congress, was believed by many to have been caused by his humble origin and fire company associations. Being the son of an artisan, and an artisan himself, the aristocracy of the party turned their backs upon him, whilst many mechanics and workingmen, jealous of the success of this then young tribune of the people, assisted in what they considered the overthrow of his political fortune. This rebuke deeply wounded his pride, for he was proud, at times, even to imperiousness, and he showed that he never forgot the hand that administered unjust rebuke. In his celebrated speech in the Senate against the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton constitution, he took occasion to upbraid the working-men for not being true to their own class. I will read the extract to which I allude.

"I have not the admiration for the men of the class from whence I sprang that might be expected; they submit too tamely to oppression, and are too prone to neglect their rights and duties as citizens. But, sir, the class of society to whose toil I was born under our form of government will control the destinies of this nation. If I were inclined to forget my connection with them, or to deny that I sprang from them, this Chamber would not be the place in which I could do either. While I hold a seat here I have but to look at the beautiful capitals adorning the pilasters that support this roof to be reminded of my father's talent, and to see his handiwork. I left the scenes of my youth and manhood for the 'Far West,' because I was tired of the struggles and jealousies of men of my class, who could not understand why one of their fellows should seek to elevate his condition above the common level."

At about this time, the existence of gold in large quantities in California having become "a fixed fact," he determined to leave New York, where his canvass had somewhat impoverished him, to retrieve himself, and to carve out a name and achieve honorable fame on the shores of the Pacific. This design was carried out in 1849, and I well remember his last words of parting, to me and other friends, in which he assured us that he would never return to the city in which he had spent his early life and in which his honorable ambition had received so severe a check, until he came clothed with the sovereignty of California, then a State in embryo, as one of its Senators. I was to have gone with him as his companion and friend, and was only prevented from so doing by family ties and family importunities. But I lived to see his prediction realized, and we met again, here in this Capitol, in 1857, at the commencement of this Administrotion; he the representative in the United States Senate of a sovereign State he had assisted to bring into existence, and myself the Representative of the people of my district in this popular branch of Congress.

The preferment and exalted position he attained should gladden the heart of every artisan throughout the land. The blacksmith may now look up from his anvil, the stone-cutter from his uneven block, and with "excelsior" aspiration say to each other, "be of good cheer, for even we, emulating Broderick's example, may fill seats in a body adorned by a Clay, a Calhoun, and a Webster!"

Of Mr. Broderick I may with truth and justice say, that for energy of purpose, integrity of character, and fidelity to friends and to friendships, he had no superior that I have ever known. He was not an orator in the popular acceptation of the word; but he was a bold, truthful, outspoken man, dealing in facts with a just and discriminating mind. His powers of reasoning were by no means great; he arrived at conclusions with the rapidity of thought, as if by intuition, and his conclusions were always immovably right. He had no model among the great men of the country to follow; but if there ever was a Senator of the United States who united, in his person and in his character, more of the prominent traits of the statesman and hero, Andrew Jackson, than those of any other, it was David C. Broderick. His power in the Senate was acknowledged and felt by all his associates, although he had been among them but for a short period of time. In some, this power excited wonder, whilst others were magnanimous enough to admit it. There was a loadstone of truth about the young Senator, and a frankness and honesty of heart in the man, which passed like an electric current from him to them, and made them anxious, with a few exceptions, to assist and serve him. No one destitute of patronage ever had more devoted and unselfish friends, and no one ever retained such friends or their friendship longer. He lived for fame. He had no ties of blood-relationship to bind him to earth, the last being severed by the death of his brother Richard, in 1847, who was killed in Charlton street, New York, by the accidental bursting of a bombshell.

Alone in the world, surrounded by none of those tender associations of family which develop the affectionate part of man's nature, make home happy, and life in this world agreeable, he consecrated himself to the attainment of that political distinction which he finally achieved. I will not refer to the unfortunate affair which was the immediate cause of his "taking off," in language of harsh invective, because of the sectional dividing line which exists between northern law and civilization and southern custom and "chivalry," in relation to the duello. My friend believed in the "field of honor"—mistakenly so called, in my judgment—and sacrificed a life upon it that belonged to his State and his country. I will not here impugn his memory for this.

"This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a *killing* frost;
And, when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do."

Alas! alas! he died in the prime of manhood, at a time when his country could least afford to lose the services of one who would have conferred lasting benefits upon it. The devotion with which he watched the growth and promoted the greatness of California, made his death an individual calamity to every inhabitant of that State. Cut down, as he was, in a day, the whole nation united with California in mourning a blow which deprived it of the counsels of a pure, unselfish patriot. When the tidings of his fall reached the Atlantic States, the heart of every *honest* man throbbed in agony at his loss.

He sleeps his last sleep at the base of the lone mountain, in the State of which he was among the first, the most useful, and the bravest of its pioneers. We all now deplore his loss, though tears are of no further use when once the tribute of nature has been paid. The business of life summons us away from grief and calls us to the exercise of those virtues of which we are lamenting the deprivation, and for which he was distinguished. We can now only preserve the memory of his life, which we believe was useful, honorable, and brave; yet surely, Mr. Speaker, there is something pleasing in the reflection that our separation from those we love, and whose memories we cherish, is merely corporeal. With a sad spirit, and with grief upon my heart, I second the resolutions of condolence and respect to the memory of my deceased friend, proposed by the gentleman from California.

Mr. HICKMAN. Mr. Speaker, "The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol;" and I speak the truth in eulogy. I could not do otherwise without wronging the character of the illustrious dead, who was a bondman to the truth. Born of the humble, DAVID C. BRODERICK died a peer of the proudest and the best. His commanding life challenged respect, and its surrender sanctified it. Dead, he still lives, and will live. Absent from those who knew him best and valued him most, he will continue to be present with them. In every conflict for principle, in every struggle for the discharge of patriotic duty, he will whisper to the doubting, and hold up the right arm of the resolute.

"In stilly thought, and in the wildering fight,
A cloud by day, a pillared flame by night,
He'll point us onward, onward to the goal,
Leading on legions with his vast control—
Implanting truth, the idol of his soul."

Since we last met here, yonder Chamber of your Capitol has lost a sage's intellect, a hero's heart, a devotee of country. DAVID C. BRODERICK has ceased to walk the earth, and sleeps his last sleep in the Golden City of the West. Mighty States, extending from the Pacific to the furthest East, were startled and almost paralyzed at the recital of the sad story; and their sturdy yeomanry, their skilled in craft, their sons, breathed their vow in tears, and registered it in faith and determination. Their banners are already in their hands, let the nation read them. They bear the last words of a dying seer—they may yet be trumpeted at the mouths of cannon on fields of war.

Hereafter, in the vast hereafter, children will speak his name when tracing their father's creed; and here, homage, impulsive, not ceremonial, shall be presented to him, as officers of the state and army rendered it before the corse of the great Constantine.

Forty years ago, whilst the center portions of this building were rising from the ashes of wicked conflagration, within sight of this spot, a child was born to a lowly artisan. How little did that father imagine that the columns upon which he then

wrought were to support a dome, beneath which that son should sit as Senator from a State not then known to the Confederacy, and bearing within its bosom treasure more valuable than the coffers of the world. And yet, in the volume of Omniscience it was written out how DAVID C. BRODERICK, the child of toil, should live and die; what noble aspirations, what self-sacrificing devotion, what unconquerable will, would achieve; how he would suffer immolation at the call of conscience; and his example should become an inspiration to millions of men, from whose ranks he rose like a giant from slumber. He was God's instrument for mighty purposes, and He gave him love, and comprehension, and power. He was a philanthropist, a philosopher, a chief. Those who thought him less never knew him, and must fail to comprehend the cause and extent of that feeling which his death has produced. It will be better understood hereafter. When the heavens clothe themselves in mourning, they hold the hot thunderbolt as well as the gentle rain. None are too wise to learn. Mistakes may be made by defying the one whilst petitioning for the other.

I esteem it my highest honor to have enjoyed fully the affection and confidence of the departed statesman; and clustering memories, as well as a request made and a pledge given, when the lion was in the pride of his strength, and snuffed his danger in the distance, demand that I should speak of him as I knew him. My estimate of Mr. BRODERICK's character is not made up from the wild excitement of party conflict, or the deeper feeling of parliamentary contests. It is drawn from a more truthful source—from the calm and meditation of the midnight hour. Undisciplined by early education, and making no pretense of learning, he was thoroughly acquainted with the history of his race; and had carefully and critically read the best models in English literature. Mankind was his study. He had a quick perception of ruling motives, and his charity was great. Without a tie of blood to bind him in selfishness to the world, the glory of his country and the happiness of her people gave direction to all his thoughts and molded all his plans; singularly modest in his bearing, and diffident in the expression of his opinions, he was entirely self-reliant, and possessed a courage devoid of fear. His consecration to the interests of the farmer, the mechanic, and the laborer, was complete. Their loss is irreparable, and I would bid them know it. With the impassioned utterances of a cotemporaneous poet, I would turn their grief to action—

> "Arouse from your lethargy, children of toil,
> Ye sons of the anvil, the loom, and the soil;
> Come forth as the winds, in their struggling might,
> And wrestle 'till death with the foeman of Right.
>
> "'Twas thus with your leader, the gifted and true;
> His life was a sacrifice, given for you;
> Every pulse of his heart, every nerve of his frame,
> Was to dignify Labor and give it to Fame."

I need not say I loved him—yea, with more than a brother's love I shall never forget him; no, neither in calm nor storm. I would embody his spirit, if I could, in an undying frame, that the friendless and oppressed might look forward in unfailing hope.

But, alas! in anguish I repeat it, BRODERICK—there was but one—has ceased to walk the earth. I may not allude even to the circumstances of the hero's fall; and I have no disposition to do so. I believe, I feel, I know! that is enough of consolation. God called; he answered, and took his cause with him. In the hands of just Omnipotence I leave him and it. He has left his mantle—too large for ordinary mortals; who that still breathes is daring enough to place it on his shoulders?

He was just and generous; he was gifted and noble; he was proud and patriotic. He raised poverty to rank, proving the legitimacy of its blood; and his fame will be as enduring as the records of public virtue.

Mr. STOUT. Mr. Speaker, I trust it will not be deemed inappropriate for me to occupy the attention of the House for a few moments on this occasion. I had the honor of a personal acquaintance with the deceased Senator whose death has been announced. It is true, that it was more limited than that of those who were associated with him as his personal and political friends; but, having for years been a resident of that State, and a portion of the time connected with its political affairs, I had a favorable opportunity of judging of the merits of the man whose death we now deplore. My respect for the man, and for the feelings of a large portion of my constituents, prompts me to say a word concerning the lamented BRODERICK. I have not yet forgotten the gloom that rested upon the countenances of my constituents as they received the news that DAVID C. BRODERICK was no more. We all felt that the Pacific coast had lost a friend. However much we may have differed with him in

his political course, we did not lose sight of the fact that he was a friend to our interests. The people of my adopted State whom I now have the honor to represent, just emerging as they were from territorial vassalage, felt that they could look to him, with the rest of the California delegation, as a defender of their rights and interests; and when the sad intelligence of his death was received, it spread a gloom over our entire State. This sympathy was not controlled by political prejudices, as I trust mine is not on this occasion. They knew something of the man. They knew how he had arisen from an humble position to that of the highest in the councils of the nation. They all knew, or had heard, of his courage and unimpeachable integrity. They knew of his devotion to his friends, and they respected him for these qualities.

I think, Mr. Speaker, that it may be safely said that no man ever lived who more unfailingly kept every promise than Mr. BRODERICK. In all my knowledge of the man, I never knew one to become his friend who afterward abandoned him; nor did I ever know one to complain of broken promises on his part. To these qualities I attribute much of the success that attended him. In prosperity he was not unduly elated, and in adversity he was never discouraged. The one led him to prudence and forbearance; the other, to renewed energy and perseverance.

But BRODERICK is dead! What we may say, nor the grief of his friends, will call him back to life. The dark messenger of death has put a period to all his bright anticipations, and has deprived his admiring friends of their beloved companion, and forever blotted out the fond hopes they entertained for his future usefulness.

I will not attempt on this occasion to recount the disadvantages he encountered in arriving at the high position he occupied at the time of his death. His history in that respect has been written. All know that he was among those who arose from poverty without the aid of wealthy or influential friends to that high station he occupied at the time of his death, and though dead, his example still lives as an encouragement to those who, in humble circumstances, aspire to places of honor and trust among their fellow-men. His case furnishes a fitting illustration of what a young man may do in a country like ours, extending to him almost any position to which he may aspire, when that desire is seconded by an energy commensurate to the position which he desires to attain. Let the grave cover whatever we may be disposed to consider an error on his part, and may the example he has furnished us of industry and perseverance, be the means of stimulating others to laudable exertions for fame and position in this our free and happy country.

Mr. BURLINGAME. I rise, Mr. Speaker, to mingle my sorrow with this general expression of grief at the fall of one so gifted and so brave as was DAVID C. BRODERICK. It is true, that I did not know him so long nor so well as did those gentlemen who have just now spoken so feelingly and so justly of him. But latterly my relations with him were quite intimate, and I presume it was a knowledge of this fact which led those who were near and dear to him when he lived, to request that I would join with them in these last sad tributes to his memory.

And now, sir, standing by his closed grave, I will do what I can to lead your mind, Mr. Speaker, and the mind of the House, far, far away from the causes which laid him in his bloody shroud, and call your attention to a few of those singular qualities which made him the marvel alike of his friends and his foes. I do not shrink, sir, from a defence of the motives and actions of Mr. BRODERICK; but this is not the occasion, this is not the time for resentment; it is the hour sacred to friendship and to grief. In this spirit, sir, I shall offer the few words I have to say.

He was the child of the people; born to that great American heritage, the right to labor and to enjoy the fruits thereof, and he shed a new dignity on the toil of man. It is true, as the gentleman from New York (Mr. HASKIN) remarked, that now, worn and tired labor may look up from its toil and be proud. Sir, that was a beautiful incident to which he made reference when in the Senate of the United States, representing, in part, an empire in the West, Mr. BRODERICK permitted the recollections of his early struggles to come upon him, and pointed out with pride, the handiwork of his honored father, as it appeared in the traceries of the Capitol above his head. It was a recognition of his alliance with the great working classes of the country. But it was nobler far, manlier far, on that occasion, when instead of flattering the prejudices of his people, he told them with a fearless tongue their faults, rebuked their prejudices, and yet leaned confidingly on their virtues while he vindicated their rights.

Sir, he was a Democrat, without being a demagogue; he loved the people and he never betrayed them, and with passing time, as they discovered these traits in his character, he won their enduring regard.

Sir, I never knew a man who was so misunderstood—who differed so much from his common fame. I myself sought him in this city as the Representative of a hardy but tumultuous portion of my countrymen. Imagine, sir, my surprise when I found him a student—a student of history, a student of poetry, a silent man, one who sat apart from his fellows, pondering deeply the great problems of life; one instructed, as the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. HICKMAN) has informed us, in those motives which underlie all the actions of men. I found him firm and dignified in deportment. It is true his struggles with adverse fortune had clouded his brow, and that his face, in the presence of his foes, ever wore a mingled look of scorn and defiance, but for his friends he had a genial smile—an irresistible fascination. His look was honest and sincere, his voice firm and truthful, and sometimes it had a manly melody which caused it to penetrate into the deepest recesses of the human heart.

Sir, he was a born leader. Sitting in his silent, solitary room in San Francisco, his wizard mind went forth over the hills and through the valleys of California, until the whole State was filled with the breath of his power. He had an indomitable will. Before it party names and party organizations disappeared, and men, under the spell of his great spirit, forgot they were Republicans, forgot they were Democrats, and only remembered with pride that they were BRODERICK men. Few men with power to draw the masses to themselves, to cause their multiform feelings to flow in the individual channel of a single will, have appeared at any time. Few have appeared in this country. He, sir, had that gift. He had—

> "——— The mystery of commanding
> The God-like power, the art-Napoleon
> Of winning, binding, wielding, banding
> The hearts of millions till they move as one."

I say that this quality is rare. Men with it have appeared at long intervals upon the shores of time; but when they have appeared, they have been the idols of their race.

Mr. BRODERICK fell in the very dawn of his career. Though he fell thus early, yet he had stamped the impress of his mighty mind upon the affairs of the Pacific slope. No wiser brooded over the chaos there. He aided in laying the foundations of that new State. He aided in rearing its fabric of government; and he did all he could, sir, to fill it with the pure soul of the people. He believed in something. He believed that he had a mission to perform. He believed that he was a champion of the people. Their wrongs were his wrongs; their rights were his rights. His heart throbbed responsive to theirs, and their wild and stormy passions rolled ever through his soul. Following this line of duty, he fell into conflict instantly with those tyrannical elements which, in every society, are seeking to destroy the rights of the people.

Loving the people, jealous of their rights, he fought those elements with fierceness and with bitterness. No man knew better than he did the requirements of his times. No man knew better than he did the logic of events. No man knew better than he did the hazard a man takes to himself who is really, earnestly, faithfully for the people. He, sir, had read history, and knew what had been the fate of the Roman Graechi; but no personal consequences to himself deterred him. Standing in that presence, scornful of corruption and of tyranny, in the majesty and grandeur of his pure, stainless private and public life, looking to his stormy past, looking into the dark future, he saw, with the clear eye of his judgment, the very point where he must abdicate the leadership for the people's rights, or yield up his life. Sir, he did not hesitate one moment. Many a man here will remember how the shadow of the event which is to clothe us in mourning this day was upon him ere he left this city. He bade farewell to his friends forever.

He had, as I saw stated to-day, selected—and the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. HICKMAN) himself has attested the fact here to-day—the very man who was to speak for him upon this floor; and one, speaking of him, with transcendent ability, describes his departure from his loved city of New York; how, when he saw one dear object after another sink beneath the waves—the spire of the church, the palace, the hovel—a gloom came over him which his friends could not lift from his heart. He saw a hand they did not see, waving him perpetually toward the shadowy land. He followed it with steady tread and fearless eye. He is gone; and I will not penetrate that shadow-land. He stands in the presence of the great Master of events, who will judge fairly between him and those who sent him there.

His body sleeps, as has been said, by a lone mountain, behind the city of his adoption. He has no kith nor kin who will go there to water that lone grave with their tears; but the people who laid him down to his last resting place with their

tears and their sobs—the people for whom he lived and for whom he died—as long as the seasons shall come and go, as long as the great ocean of the west shall ebb and flow through the Golden Gates, will cherish and love the memory of DAVID C. BRODERICK.

Mr. MORRIS, of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, we are told that California's great Senator is dead! If it were not so, every breeze that comes to us from the Pacific bears upon its wings the sad tidings of this great woe. Although I am the last, yet I am not a less sincere mourner at his closing funeral rites. Selected by his friends to speak on this occasion, I come to pay to his memory the tribute of a sincere and heartfelt sorrow for his loss. I bring with me, sir, a knowledge of his personal character and public worth, arising from an acquaintance which, I am happy to know, ripened into a sincere friendship. During the last session of Congress I occupied a seat at the same table with him. His chair was directly opposite mine. Our intercourse was free and familiar, and afforded me opportunities of studying his character; and I shall speak of it, therefore, briefly, as I knew it. Others have given the details of his short but eventful life.

At the commencement of the present session, I returned to my accustomed place at the same table; but, upon looking around it, I did not see BRODERICK there! All the incidents of his melancholy death rushed across my mind, and I was led to reflect what security for reputation and life has a conscientious and fearless public man like him. The boldness of honesty and truth is too often the gateway to detraction and death; while the artful and wily politician and dissembler, by the tricks of his art, passes on upon the highroad of power and fame to bask in their sunshine.

It has been too often the case with those who rebuke authority, denounce corruption, and vindicate public morality and justice, that the hard fate awaits them. DAVID C. BRODERICK, the Irish stone mason's boy, who toiled at his father's trade, and raised himself to eminence by his own great energy and talents, early, and alas! sadly, realized this bitter truth, and now sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. The funeral cortege that followed his remains to the grave is dispersed. Another now fills his senatorial seat. No wife, no child, no relative survives him. Who is there, then, to weep for him? Who is there that will bring incense to sprinkle upon his memory? There runs not a drop of his blood in any human veins. His once noble form is wrapped in a bloody shroud; his manly voice is hushed in death; his flashing eye has withered in its socket; and he who but yesterday shone in the national Senate Chamber, a star of the first magnitude, and moved among his peers, possessing a vigorous physical frame, free from disease, is now food for worms. Why, oh! why, Mr. Speaker, all this? What had he done, that he should pay the penalty of his life? Why was his once bosom friend, who had no just cause of quarrel with him, his executioner?

When I contemplate the proper answers to these questions, the heart grows sick, the mind reels upon its throne, and I find no consolation except that "He who doeth all things well," and "whose ways are not man's ways, and are past finding out," hath in them an inscrutable providence. Julius Cæsar fell beneath twenty-three bleeding and gaping wounds; but it was the stab of Brutus that was the unkindest of them all. But though Cæsar entered Rome as a victorious general, in violation of law, the conspirators who struck him down gained nothing by his death. Justice sometimes comes with a slow and muffled step, but as inevitably as destiny itself, and it overtook each one of them sooner or later. It starts the guilty in their midnight dreams, haunts them in the arid desert, clings to them in the halls of revelry, and whithersoever they go, there it is whispering to an uneasy and violated conscience.

I pretend not to say that the death of DAVID C. BRODERICK was the result of foul play; but many think, if he had been less honest and independent, he would to-day be a living man? What was his offence? What had he done that he should fall by the hand of violence? Why was he hunted from place to place without just cause or provocation? Truth's historic page will record the response to these questions; and the people of California will read and understand them. He had wronged no man; he had sought to quarrel with none; but, as far as he believed duty and honor would allow, avoided personal difficulty. Yet he seemed a doomed man. It is true, that born of poor but honest parentage, and toiling with his hands for his daily bread, a child of obscurity, and buffeted by misfortune's waves, he had looked up from his lonely and solitary condition to "fame's dread mount," whereon stood the rich, the proud and great, and dared to enter the list of honorable competition for honorable fame.

Settling in a State possessing a heterogeneous population; poor, without friends;

scoffed at and derided; he started out in a direct line for the goal of his ambition, while those who were his rivals, and had gone to their new location invested with the charms of acknowledged talent and fame, were startled and alarmed that one in whose veins ran only plebeian blood should be so bold and presumptuous as to jostle them from ambition's ladder. Nothing daunted by opposition, however, and relying upon the energies of his own great soul, his course was upward and onward, like the eagle's flight, and in a few short years he was the acknowledged head and leader of his State, while his most powerful foe was prostrate at his feet, asking his aid, and found him as magnanimous as he was brave. Perhaps no man ever overcame so many obstacles in so short a time. Without the possession of more than ordinary mental faculties, he never could have done it.

He was, indeed, an extraordinary man. His intellect was cast in a capacious mould; his energy knew no tiring; and he was a moral hero that stood for the right. He sacrificed no principle to expediency, acknowledged no leader but duty, and alike scorned the smiles and corruptions of power. His allegiance he owed to the people and their rights, and he refused it to Presidents and Cabinets, when desired for base purposes. Always open and straightforward, there was no dissimulation or guile in him. His language was the open, plain Anglo-Saxon language of frankness and truth, and he called things by their right names. A truer man, a more disinterested patriot, a firmer hater of wrong and oppression, a more devoted and consistent friend, and purer public servant, never lived. No suspicion was ever even whispered that corruption had tampered with him, that bribery's base coin had adhered to his fingers, or that he was in any way implicated in schemes of public plunder. Temperate, moral, simple, and frugal in his habits, and addicted to no vices, with all his aims his country's good, he trod life's path not as society's spawn, but as one of nature's noblemen, looking down from his lofty eminence upon his traducers, and moving forward as a comet amid lesser planets, shedding a radiance in his pathway. He knew no obligations but such as duty imposed, and those he faithfully discharged. Direct, bold, faithful, and single in his purpose, he never hesitated, never wavered, never faltered, when right and wrong were presented to him, which to choose. His was no weak, doubting, cowardly tongue, that was afraid to give utterance to truth.

As a statesman, he had not the polish of those educated in the schools—not their plausibility or flowing language; but possessed a native vigor of intellect, expanded by reflection and reading; which marked every effort of his forensic power. Who that heard him, or who that has read his remarks, will ever forget his manly and eloquent reply to South Carolina's proud and gifted Senator, who reflected on the laboring men of the North in unjust terms? It is, Mr. Speaker, no disparagement to others, to say that no Senator ever gained, in so short a time, so wide spread a fame. Coming to this Capitol with the breath of slander preceding him and breathing dishonor upon his character, in two short years his State reputation was swallowed up by a national one, and his name became a familiar household word throughout this vast Republic. It will go on, sir, culminating, until truth and justice shall place it in the highest niche of fame.

Though he was born in this District, and spent his juvenile years around this Temple of American Liberty, he was the true type of a northern Democrat. All his instincts, sympathies, and feelings were with the Democracy, and they were everywhere looking up to him as their future leader. When the heart-rending intelligence reached their ears that he was gone, gone forever, down to the cold and silent grave, an almost universal wail of anguish went up from their midst; and the question propounded at his funeral obsequies, "Who shall speak for California now?" was echoed from the Atlantic to the great West, ran along her lakes and rivers and sounded through her valleys and mountains like the death-chilling notes of an ill-omened bird. "Who shall speak for California now" to the free people of the free States of this Confederacy?

Mr. Speaker, Senator Broderick was, indeed, an extraordinary man. It may be said of him, in the language of Ireland's immortal patriot, Emmett, "the man dies, but his memory lives." It will be green and fresh in the recollection of millions, while that of others will go out, and be forgotten forever. Now, and in after years, when the public shall crowd the galleries, and look down upon the august men who compose the American Senate, the question will not be asked, who fills the chair at present? but, where did Broderick sit? Unless all truth is falsehood, and history speaks to the future of the past with a lying tongue, no brighter name will shine in its annals, among the true moral heroes of America. He knew his duty, and, knowing, dared to do it. Mothers will teach the tale of his almost fabulous life, and repeat the horrid story of his untimely death, to their lisping children;

and, as riper years come upon them, they will pilgrimage to the sacred monument which friendship is rearing to perpetuate his worth, and there pour out their oblations over the dust of the noble martyr who fell a victim to his devotion to the great principle of popular liberty, and his love of truth.

"Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of time:"
Great BRODERICK fell, bemoaned, "without a crime."

Go, student of American statesmanship, and look over the bright galaxy of names which adorn the pages of your country's history; and when you come to that of the stone mason's son, learn from him how to model your own character. Learn what native talent and energy will do for one who wooed fortune's smiles, and started out upon the great highway of life, determined to win for himself success. As he stepped on board of a vessel in the harbor of New York, with no friends to aid him, poor and unknown, except to a few acquaintances, "Where are you going?" inquired one. "To California," he replied. "When are you coming back?" "Not until I am a United States Senator." A wild shout of laughter went up from the by-standers at what was regarded as his visionary idea. Yet in eight years he did come back a Senator, and in two more acquired a deathless national fame. If the politicians of the golden State had been congregated upon the wharf of San Francisco as he stepped for the first time upon it a stranger to all, and scarcely with a penny in his pocket, how they would have jeered at the idea that there came a young man who would throw them from his pathway with a giant's strength, and rush by them with almost the speed of thought to the highest position! It hardly appears, indeed, that he labored up the solid and worn way, but "down from higher region came, and perched him there to see what lay beneath."

But, Mr. Speaker, if his career was brilliant, it was, alas for his country, too short. In the bloom of manhood, and at the moment he was standing on the highest pinnacle of fame, he was cut down. "Death loves a shining mark." The soil of his State drank his noble blood, and the crimson spot has not yet been washed out. How mournful is the thought! The seasons will come and go, and vernal flowers bloom with nature's returning warmth; but, alas! we shall never look upon the face of our friend again! Peace to his dust! I pretend not to say who is to blame. That, impartial history will determine. But I will say, that when the roll-call of California's statesmen is gone over at the judgment-day, and BRODERICK is inquired for, more than one voice will reach the ear of the great Jehovah from secret places, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Farewell, my friend!

Mr. SICKLES. I cannot bring myself, Mr. Speaker, to allow this occasion to pass without venturing to contribute an expression of the warm feelings of attachment felt for the late Senator from California, by many of the citizens of New York, among whom his early youth and manhood were passed. I regret very much, and perhaps I owe an apology to the House and to those who cherish his memory, for attempting to say anything entirely without preparation. I was not aware, until my return to the city this morning, that it was intended to make the announcement to-day. Otherwise, it would not have been necessary for me to confess, as I do, my entire want of preparation for the duty which I have taken upon myself.

I was not without hope, until a few moments ago, that some other member from the city would have given expression to the sentiments of respect and attachment with which the memory of Mr. BRODERICK is cherished in the city of New York. He was a resident for many years of the congressional district which I have the honor to represent. I knew him well; I knew him when, as a mechanic, he was endeavoring to command the respect and esteem of his associates. I knew him in the outset of his political fortunes, when, like many others of the humblest opportunities, in the city of New York, he conceived a fondness for public affairs, and participated in the primary politics of that great metropolis. He at first succeeded in acquiring a controlling influence in his election precinct. It was not long before he became the foremost man in his ward; and from thence it was not difficult for him to acquire a commanding position in the general councils of the party in Tammany Hall; and I do not exaggerate when I say that, from that period down to the year of his emigration to California, it was never safe to form any estimate of a political result in the Democratic party in that city if we failed to take into account the influence and action of DAVID C. BRODERICK.

He left the city and his companions, chafing under a sense of wounded pride, because he had failed to attain an election to the first office of any considerable importance for which he had ever been a candidate—a seat in this House. His defeat was chiefly owing to prejudice, engendered by his humble avocations, by the ex-

treme zeal of his partisanship, and by that tenacious attachment to friends, and that stern resistance to foes, which characterized him through life.

While a resident of New York, he held, so far as I recollect, but one public station. He was elected a member of the convention called to reorganize the government of the city; and I remember well the remark made of him by one of his colleagues in that body—the late lamented David Graham, whose genius and virtues so long adorned the bar of New York—who predicted, as the result of his observation of Mr. Broderick in that convention, a distinguished future if he continued to follow his political aspirations.

He went to California, attended by as many of the hearty good wishes of men in New York, as ever followed the steps of any aspiring man. He was one of the pioneers of the Pacific frontier. He soon made his mark as a leader. He carried with him the advantage of aptitude and experience in political organizations. He was one of those that founded the Democratic party in California. He was soon chosen a member of the convention which formed the constitution of California. Thus he took a prominent part in one of those remarkable scenes of which this country affords the only examples in human history.

A body of men, collected from every quarter of the globe, speaking every language, and professing every religion, many of whom had never before participated at all in human government, were found sending their representatives to form a constitution for a State which had no government—to organize order out of chaos; for the people of that Territory were, as yet, beyond the reach of even the protecting arm of the Federal Union. He was one of those who, in the short space of some forty days, by their practical wisdom, by the experience which they had gained on the Atlantic shores in the affairs of government, enjoying the inestimable privileges of universal suffrage and universal liberty, formed one of those American constitutions and schemes of government which neither the genius of Locke nor the wisdom of Plato ever approached.

He was afterwards elected to the Senate of California, and became, for a period, *ex officio*, Lieutenant Governor of the State. His period of service as the President of the Senate of California, and also as a legislator, was distinguished by the sternest integrity. No man, I venture to say, lives, who ever approached David C. Broderick, as a legislator, or in any public or private capacity, with a corrupt or dishonorable suggestion. And, sir, it is something, in these times when men do not always adopt so high and so pure a standard, that he should have left this truth, at least, to be inscribed upon his monument. During his term as a Senator, in the State of California, he was twice attacked with violence, and once with arms, because of the stout resistance he had opposed to schemes of plunder and spoliation which were pressed upon the Legislature at that period.

At length, sir, he attained the object of his great aspiration. At length he fulfilled the prediction with which he stepped from the quays of the city of his early youth and manhood to the ship which was to bear him to new scenes and new toils, when he said to his friends who took leave of him — and it was my pleasure to be among them — "I shall never return to you, except as a Senator of the United States." The next time that he visited the city of New York, he came in the panoply and dignity of a Senator of the United States from the State of California. He was cordially and heartily greeted. The municipal authorities of the city passed resolutions welcoming him to the metropolis. Groups of friends hastened to congratulate him upon the realization of his prediction, in which he had proved that it was possible for a man actuated by honorable motives, leading in all respects a correct life, yet, with the most inconsiderable opportunities, to rise from the lowest station, to a post of the most exalted eminence in our country.

He was a man of no recreations, but earnest and serious, and always devoted to the accomplishment of the purposes which were present to his mind. To these he sacrificed everything but honor, friendship, and duty. That he had his faults, that some of his admirable qualities were developed in excess, no one will deny. But, sir, take him all in all, he has left a proud example to those, who, although of a lowly and humble birth, and without those advantages and those facilities which it is the fortune of others to possess, seek the ends of a just ambition. So long as the mountain at whose feet he sleeps, shall stand as his monument, no one can ever speak of him in the city of New York, where he passed so many years of his life, without awakening in many breasts generous reflections of admiration of his remarkable and manly career.

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